# McKean Miner.

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## THE McKEAN MINER.

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### Lodge Directory.

#### F. & A. M.

McKEAN LODGE, No. 339, F. & A. M., meets on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.

DAVAULT MARTIN, W. M.

E. H. BARR, Sec'y.

#### A. O. U. W.

Smethport Lodge, No 138, meets every Tuesday evening in the Masonic Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, M. W.

WARLEY GIFFORD, Recorder.

### Churches.

*METHODIST.*—W. B. WAGONER, pastor. Sabbath School every Sabbath at 9 a. m., and Preaching at 11 a. m., and 7 p. m. Class Meeting directly after morning services. Prayer Meetings on Thursday evenings at 7 p. m.

*BAPTIST.*—W. C. WILTSE, pastor. Preaching at half-past 10 a. m. and half-past 6 p. m. Sabbath School directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 p. m.

*EPISCOPAL.*—The Rev. J. Heber Mcfarlane, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m.

*St. ELIZABETH CATHOLIC CHURCH*—Rev. E. F. SMITH, pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Vespers at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

### Official Directory.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

*President Judge.*—H. W. Williams, Wellsboro, Tioga Co.

*Additional Judge.*—S. F. Wilson, Wellsboro, Tioga Co.

*Associate Judges.*—W. S. Brownell, Smethport; F. N. Burnham, Eldred.

*District Attorney.*—W. W. Smith, Port Allegany.

*Sheriff.*—Russell Bartwell, Smethport.

*Prothonotary.*—John B. Brawley, Bradford.

*County Treasurer.*—W. D. Gallup, Smethport.

*Commissioners.*—W. J. Colegrove, R. W. Abbey, John G. Beyer.

*County Clerk.*—John R. Shoemaker, Smethport.

*Jury Comm'rs.*—N. C. Gallup, O. P. Coon.

*Auditors.*—O. D. Vosburgh, J. J. Roberts, C. L. Bellows.

*County Surveyor.*—G. R. Lyon, Bradford, Pa.

*Regular Terms of Court.*—Fourth Monday in February, May and September, and Third Monday of December.

### Borough Officers.

*Burgess.*—B. L. Knapp.

*Asst. Burgess.*—J. C. Hamlin.

*Council.*—Isabel Sherrett, H. C. Wilcox, Thomas King, D. L. Forsyth, Frank Kerns, Eugene Quackenbush.

*Constable.*—H. L. Burlingame.

*School Directors.*—D. L. Forsyth, David Sherrett, B. L. Knapp, R. G. Brown, H. F. Barbour, S. W. Pattison.

*Justices.*—J. W. Smith, P. Ford.

*Auditors.*—W. Gifford, C. E. Sartwell, Edw'd McSweeney.

*Town Councilors.*—Frank Kerns, Alfred Sturdevant.

*Judges of Elections.*—R. Gorton.

*Inspectors.*—D. L. Forsyth, C. E. Sartwell.

*Assessor.*—G. M. Smith.

### Regular Meetings of Co. Commissioners.

The County Commissioners will hold regular sessions at the Commissioners' Office on the first Monday of each month for the transaction of any business that may be brought before them. *☞* A special meeting will be held on the first Thursday after each regular week for the settlement of county costs in Commissioners' cases.

J. R. SHOEMAKER, Clerk.


## BLANK PRINTING.

*THE MINER JOB ROOMS are abundantly supplied with facilities for doing fine Blank Printing. We make a specialty of this class of printing, and challenge comparison of our work and prices with that of any first class Blank Printing House. We keep in stock all the usual forms of LEGAL and CONVEYANCING, JUSTICES', CONSTABLES' and TOWNSHIP BLANKS, and print on short notice any style and form desired. Samples, estimates and prices furnished on application. Orders by mail promptly attended to.*

*Miscellaneous.*

MILLINERY STORE.

I am constantly receiving additions to my stock of

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS, DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS

and am prepared to SELL AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Mrs. T. D. Nash,

Main St. SMETHPORT, PA.

NEW MEAT MARKET

Rear of A. B. Armstrong's Drugstore.

Fresh meat, Ham, Sausages, Salt meats, Corned Beef, Lard, Oysters, Chickens &c, always on hand.

The Finest Tub Oysters in the Market.

DRESSED CHICKENS

furnished at any time.

S. J. ROCKWELL.


### Professional Cards.

*Attorneys.*

BYRON D. HAMLIN. DELANO R. HAMLIN.

**HAMLIN & SON,**

LAW AND LAND OFFICE

Smethport, Pa.

As Counsel. Try causes in the Courts, Investigate Land Titles and Oil Leases. Collect claims. Do Conveyancing by Deeds, Contracts and Leases with care and dispatch.

*Notary Public on their Office.*

General Agency of the Keating Lands.

D. STERRETT. HOBT. H. ROSE.

**STERRETT & ROSE,**

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS.

(Office over Haskill & Gifford's,)

SMETHPORT PA.

**BACKUS & GORTON,**

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

Smethport, Pa.

*Office:—Sartwell Block, Main Street.*

C. BACKUS. SHERIDAN GORTON.

**E. L. KEENAN,**

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,

OFFICE—Gleason's Building, nearly opposite the Court House.

SMETHPORT, PA.

All legal business attended to promptly.

**THOS. A. MORRISON,**

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE—Gleason's Building, nearly opposite the Court House.

SMETHPORT, PA.

Collections and other legal business carefully and promptly attended to.

**W. J. MILLIKEN**

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW

*Rooms 5 and 6 Wall Block.*

BRADFORD, PA.

**D. FORD,**

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

*Office: Miner Block, Church Street.*

Smethport, Pa.

**S. W. SMITH,**

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

(DISTRICT ATTORNEY,)

Port Allegany, Pa.

**G. A. BERRY,**

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, U. S. COMMISSIONER,

*Office: Exchange Building, Main St.*

Bradford, McKean Co. Pa.

**R. B. STONE,**

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

*Office with Esq. Bowler, over Pendleton's*

Bradford, Pa.

**MULLIN & McCLURE,**

ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW,

Main St. Bradford, Pa.

**H. J. MUSE,**

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

BROWNSPORT, PA.

**A. A. CRAIG,**

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Kendall Creek, Pa.

**E. R. MAYO,**

Attorney at Law and Notary Public,

*Eldred, McKean Co. Pa.*

(Allegany Bridge P. O.)

J. C. STURGEON. GEO. A. STURGEON.

**J. C. STURGEON & BRO.,**

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

ROOM No. 10, OIL EXCHANGE,

BRADFORD, PA.

**P. R. COTTER,**

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,

PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

### Business Cards.

**N. A. BISHOP,**

ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT,

Smethport Pa.

BINGHAM ESTATE.

**ROBT. H. ROSE**

Is authorized to receive moneys for me; also applications to buy lands. He will give information generally, to any business of this Estate, in McKean County. His office is over

*HASKILL & GIFFORD'S STORE.*

ROBT. C. SIMPSON,
Agent of the Trustees

WELLSBORO, Dec. 24, 1879.


**New Meat Market!**

Having recently fitted up a Meat Market

In Basement Kittredge Opera House!

I am prepared to serve the public with choice

Sirlion and Porter House Steaks

And all kinds of fresh meat, fresh fish, &c.

W. W. CUTHBERTSON.


## SELECT POETRY.

### WE ARE BUILDERS.

We are builders, and each one
Should cut and carve as best he can.
Every life is but a stone,
Every one shall hew his own,
Make or mar shall every man.

Life is short, yet some achieve
Fortune, fame, in war or art;
Some miss their chance and can't retrieve,
Some fail because they stop to grieve,
Some pause with fainting heart.

'Tis the bold who win the race,
Whether for love, for gold, or name;
'Tis the true ones always face
Dangers and trials and win a place,
A niche in the fane of fame.

Strike and struggle, ever strive,
Labor with hand, and heart, and brain,
Work doth more than genius give;
He who faithfully toils doth live,
'Tis labor that doth reign.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### The American's Tale.

'It air strange, it air,' he was saying as I opened the door of the room where our social little semi-literary society met; "but I could tell you queerer things than that 'ere—almighty queer things. You can't learn everything out of books, sirs, nohow. You see it ain't the men as can string English together and has good eddications as find themselves in the queer places I've been in. They're mostly rough men, sirs, as can scarce speak aright, far less tell with pen and ink the things they've seen; but if they could they'd make some of your Europeen's har riz with astonishment, they would sirs, you bet!'

His name was Jefferson Adams, I believe; I knew his initials were J. A., for you may see them yet deeply whittled on the right hand upper pannel of our smoking-room door. He gleamed across our ordinary quiet conviviality like some brilliant meteor, and then was lost in the outer darkness. That night, however, our Nevada friend was in full swing; and I quietly lit my pipe and dropped into the nearest chair, anxious not to interrupt his story.

'Mind you,' he continued, 'I hain't got no grudge against your men of science. I like and respects a chap as can match every beast and plant, from a huckleberry to a grizzly with a jaw-breakin' name; but if you wants real interestin' facts, something a bit juicy, you go to your whalers and your frontiersmen, and your scouts and Hudson Bay men, chaps who can scarce sign their names.'

There was a pause here, as Mr. Jefferson Adams produced a long cheroot and lit it. We preserved a strict silence in the room, for we had already learned that on the slightest interruption our American drew himself into his shell again. He glanced around with a self-satisfied smile as he remarked our expectant looks, and continued through a halo of smoke:

'Now which of you gentlemen has been in Arizona? None, I'll warrant. And of all English or Americans as can put a pen to paper, how many has been in Arizona? Precious few, I calc'late I've been there, sirs, lived there for years; and when I think of what I've seen there, why, I can scarce get myself to believe it now.'

'Ah, there's a country! I was one of Walker's filibusters, as they choose to call us; and after we'd busted up and the chief was shot, some on us made tracks and located down there. A reg'lar English and American colony, we was, with our wives and children, and all complete. I reckon there's some of the old folks there yet, and that they hain't forgotten what I'm agoing to tell you. No, I warrant they hain't, never on this side of the grave, sirs.'

'I was talking about the country, though; and I guess I could astonish you considerable if I spoke of nothing else. To think of such a land being built for a few "greasers," and half-breeds! It's a misusing of Providence, that's what I calls it. Grass as hung over a chap's head as he rode through it, and trees so thick that you couldn't catch a glimpse of blue sky for leagues and leagues, and orchids like umbrellas! Maybe some on you has seen a plant as they calls the "fly-catcher" in some parts of the States?'

'Dionea muscipula,' murmured Dawson, our, scientific man par excellence.

'Ah, "Die near a municipal," that's him! You'll see a fly stand on that 'ere plant, and then you'll see the two sides of a leaf snap up together and catch it between them, and grind it up and smash it to bits, for all the world like some great sea squid with its beak, and hours after, if you open the leaf, you'll see the body lying half digested, and in bits. Well, I've seen those fly-traps in Arizona with leaves eight and ten feet long, and thorns or teeth a foot or more; why, they could—but I'm going too fast!

'It's about the death of Joe Hawkins I was going to tell you; 'bout as queer a thing, I reckon, as ever you heard tell on. There wasn't nobody in Montana as didn't know of Joe Hawkins—"Alabama Joe," as he was called there. A reg'lar out and outer, he was. He was a good chap enough, mind ye, as long as you stroked him the right way; but ris him anyhow and he were worse nor a wild-cat. I've seen him empty his six-shooter into a crowd as chanced to jostle him agoing into Simpson's when there was a dance on; and he bowled Tom Hooper 'cause he spilt his liquor over his weskit by mistake. No, he didn't stick at murder, Joe didn't; and he weren't a man to be trusted further nor you could see him.

'Now at the time I tell on, when Joe Hawkins was swaggerin' about the town and layin' down the law with his shootin' irons, there was an Englishman there of the name of Scott—Tom Scott, if I rec'lect aright. This chap Scott was a thorough Britisher, beg'ing the present company's pardon; and yet he didn't freeze much to the British set there or they didn't freeze much to him. He was a quiet, simple man, Scott was—rather too quiet for a rough set like that; sneakin' they called him, but he weren't that. He kept himself mostly apart, and didn't interfere with nobody so long as he were left alone. Some said as how he'd been kinder ill treated at home—been a Chartist or something of that sort, and had to up stick and run; but he never spoke of it himself, an' never complained. Bad luck or good that chap kept a stiff lip on him.

'This chap Scott was a sort o' butt among the men about Montana, for he was so quiet an' simple like. There was no party, either, to take up his grievances, for, as I've been sayin', the Britishers hardly counted him one of them, and many a rough joke they played on him. He never cut up rough, but was polite to all himself. I think the boys got to think he hadn't much grit in him till he showed 'em their mistake.

'It was in Simpson's bar as the row got up, an' that led to the queer thing I was going to tell you of. Alabama Joe and one or two other rowdies were dead on the Britishers in those days and they spoke their opinions pretty free, though I warned them as there'd be an almighty muss. That particular night Joe was nigh half drunk an' he swaggered about the town with his six shooter, lookin' out for a quarrel. Then he turned into the bar, where he know'd he'd find some o' the English as ready for one as he was himself. Sure enough there was half a dozen lounging about, an, Tom Scott standin' alone before the store. Joe sat down by the table and put his revolver and bowie down in front of him. "Them's my arguments, Jeff," he says to me, "if any white-livered Britisher dares give me the lie." I tried to stop him, sirs, but he weren't a man as you could easily turn, an' he began to speak in a way as no chap could stand. Why, even a Greaser would flare up if you said as much of Greaserland! There was a commotion at the bar an' every man laid his hand on his weapons, but afore they could draw we heard a quiet voice from the store: "Say your prayers, Joe Hawkins, for by heaven you're a dead man!" Joe turned round and looked like grabbin' at his iron; but it weren't no manner of use. Tom Scott was standing up covering him with his derringer, a smile on his white face, but the very demon shining in his eyes. "It ain't that the old country has used me over well," he says, "but no man shall speak agin it before me, and live." For a second or two I could see his finger tighten round the trigger, an' then he gave a laugh, and threw the pistol on the floor. "No," he says, "I can't shoot a half-drunk man. Take your dirty life, Joe, and use it better nor you have done. You've been nearer to the grave to-night than you will be agin until your time comes. You'd best make tracks now, I guess. Nay, never look back at me, man, I'm not afeared of your shootin' iron. A bully's nigh always a coward." And he swung contemptuously round, and left his half smoked pipe from the store, while Alabama slunk out of the bar, with the laughs of the Britishers ringing in his ears. I saw his face as he passed me, and on it I saw murder, sirs—murder, as plain as I ever see'd anything in my life.

'I stayed in the bar after the row and watched Tom Scott as he shook hands with the men about. It seemed kinder quiet to me to see him smilin' and cheerful like, for I knew Joe'd blood thirsty mind, and that the Englishman had small chance of ever seeing the morning. He lived in an out of the way sort of place, you see, clean off the trail and had to pass through the fly trap gulch to get to it. This here gulch was a mighty gloomy place, fairly stunk during the day even, for it were always a creepy sort of thing to see the great cup and ten foot leaves snapping up if aught touched them, but at night there was never a soul near. Some parts of the marsh, too, were soft and deep, and a body thrown in would be gone by morning. I could see Alabama Joe crouchin' under the leaves of the great Flytrap in the darkest part of the gulch, with a scowl on his face and revolver in his hand. I could see it, sirs, as plain as with my two eyes.

'Bout midnight Simpson shuts up his bar, so out we had to go. Tom Scott started off for his three-mile walk at a slashing pace. I just dropped him a hint as he passed me, for I kinder liked the chap. "Keep your derringer loose in your belt, sir," I says, "for you might chance to need it." He looked round at me with his quiet smile, and then I lost sight of him in the gloom. I never thought to see him again. He'd hardly gone afore Simpson comes up to me and says: "There'll be a nice job in the Flytrap gulch to-night, Jeff, the boys say that Hawkins started half an hour ago to wait for Scott and shoot him on sight. I calc'late the coroner'll be wanted to-morrow."

'What passed in the gulch that night? It were a question as were asked pretty free next morning. A half-breed was in Ferguson's store after daybreak, and he said he'd chanced to be near the gulch 'bout one in the morning. It warn't easy to get at his story, he seemed so uncommon scared; but he told us, at last, he'd heard the fearfullest screams in the stillness of the night. There weren't no shots he said, but scream after scream, kinder muffled, like a man with a serape over his head, an' in mortal pain. A'ter Brandon and me, and a few more, was in the store at the time; so we mounted and rode out to Scott's farm, passing through the gulch on the way. There weren't nothing particular to be seen there—no blood nor marks of a fight, nor nothing; and when we gets up to Scott's house, out he comes to meet us, fresh as a lark. "Hallo, Jeff!" says he, "no need for the pistols after all. Come in, boys." "Did ye see or hear nothing to-night?" says I. "No," says he; "all was quiet enough—an owl moaning in Flytrap gulch—that was all. Come, jump off and have a glass." "Thank ye," says Abner. So off we gets, and Tom Scott rode into the settlement with us when we went back.

'An allfired commotion was on in Main street as we rode into it. The 'Merican party seemed to have gone clean craged. Alabama Joe was gone; not a damned particle of him left. Since he went out to the gulch nary eye had seen him. As we got off our horses there was a considerable crowd in front of Simpson's, and some ugly looks at Tom Scott, I can tell you. There was a clickin' of pistols, and I saw as Scott had his hand in his bosom, too. There weren't a single English face about. "Stand aside, Jeff Adams," says Zebb Humphrey, as great a scoundrel as ever lived, "you hain't got no hand in this game. Say, boys, are we, free Americans, to be murdered by any Britisher?" It was the quickest thing as I ever see'd. There was a rush an' a crack; Zebb was down, with Scott's ball in his thigh, and Scott himself was on the ground with a dozen men holding him. It were no use struggling, so he lay quiet. They seemed a bit uncertain what to do with him at first, but then one of Alabama's special chums put them up to it. "Joe's gone, he said; nothing ain't surer nor that, an' there lies the man as killed him. Some on you knows as Joe went on business to the gulch last night; he never got back. That 'ere Britisher passed through after he'd gone; they'd had a row, screams is heard 'mong the flytraps. I say agin he has played poor Joe some of his sneakin' tricks, an' thrown him into the swamp. It ain't no wonder as the body is gone." But air we to stan' by an' see English murderin' our own chums? I guess not. Let Judge Lynch try him; that's what I say." "Lynch him!" shouted a hundred angry voices—for all the ragtag and bobtail o' the settlement was round us by this time. "Here, boys, fetch a rope and swing him up. Up with him over Simpson's door!" "See here, though," says another, coming forards, "lets hang him by the great flytrap in the gulch. Let Joe see as he's revenged, if so be as he's buried 'bout there." There was a shout for this, an' away they went, with Scott tied on a mustang in the middle, and a mounted guard with cocked revolvers round him; for we knew as there was a score or so of Britishers about as didn't seem to recognize Judge Lynch, and was dead on a free fight.

'I went out with them, my heart bleedin' for Scott, though he didn't seem a cent put out, he didn't. He were game to the backbone. Seems kinder queer, sirs, hangin' a man to a flytrap, but our'n were a reg'lar tree, and the leaves like a brace of boats with a hinge between 'em and thorns at the bottom.

'We passed down the gulch to the place where the great one grows, and there we see'd it, with the leaves, some open, some shut. But we need something worse nor that. Standin' round the stalk was some thirty mek. Britishers all, an' armed to the teeth. They was waitin' for us evidently, an' had a business like look about 'em, as if they'd come for something and meant to have it. There was the raw material there for about as warm a scrimmidge as ever I see'd. As we rode up, a great red-bearded Scots-man—Cameron were his name—stood out afore the rest, his revolver cocked in his hand. "See here, boys," he says, "you've got no call to hurt a hair of that man's head. You hain't proved as Joe is dead yet; and if you had, you hain't proved as Scott killed him. Anyhow, it were in self defence, for you all know as he was lying in wait for Scott, to shoot him on sight; so I say agin, you hain't got no call to hurt that man; and what's more, I've got thirty six-barrelled arguments against your doin' it. "It's an interestin' plot, and worth arguin' out," said, the man as was Alabama Joe's special chum. There was a clickin of pistols, and a hossemin' of knives, and the two parties began to draw up to one another, an' it looked like a rise in the mortality of Montana. Scott was standing behind with a pistol at his ear if he stirred, and lookin' quiet and composed as having no money on the table, when sudden he gives a start an' a shout as rang in our ears like a trumpet. "Joe!" he cried, "Joe! Look at him! In the Flytrap!" We all turned an' looked "where he was pointin'. Jerusalem! I honestly believe we won't get that picter out of our minds again. One of the great leaves of the Flytrap, that had been shut and touchin' the ground as it lay, was slowly rolling back upon its hinges. There, lying like a child in its cradle, was Alabama Joe in the hollow of the leaf. The great thorns had been slowly driven through his heart as it shut upon him. We could see as he'd tried to cut his way out, for there was a slit in the thick fleshy leaf, an' his bowie was in his hand; but it had smothered him first. He'd laid down on it likely to keep the damp off while he were awaitin' for Scott, and it had closed on him as you've seen your little hothouse ones do on a fly, an' there he were as we found him, torn and crushed into pulp by the great jagged teeth of the man-eatin' plant. There, sirs, I think you'll own as that's a curious story.'

'And what became of Scott?' asked Jack Sinclair.

'Why, we carried him back to Simpson's on our shoulders, we did. Made a speech, too—a fine speech—from the counter. Somethin' about the British lion an' the 'Merican eagle walkin' arm in arm forever an' a day. And now, sirs, that yarn was long and my cheroot's out, so I reckon I'll make tracks afore it's later," and with a "Good-night!" he left the room.—*London Society.*

A laundress on South St. Paul street was asked by the lady of the house to help arrange the flags in the dining-room in honor of Washington's Birthday. Her retort was: "And who the d——l is he? Is he to be here to-day?"

### News and Nonsense.

Full many a maid has toyed with lonesome
And mailed to glory in a gorgeous glove;
Full many a man has poked at glycerine,
And flown promiscuous through the desert air.

Ohio's Lieutenant-Governor receives the princely salary of $600.

Hope is ever young. Hope is always represented as a woman.

Truly hath some poet said, a good digestion is the salvation of the American people.

The Brooklyn revival progresses favorably. Even the policemen are becoming awakened.

The man who goes in business with the devil soon finds that his partner is sole proprietor.

Miss Mills, whom Whitelaw Reid is to marry, wears gold-rimmed glasses and is acquainted in Boston.

It was a Connecticut minister whose salary was twenty-five dollars a year and half the fish he caught.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says: "Trifles light as hair sometimes turn the whole course of a man's appetite."

The Philadelphia *Chronicle* says that Garfield isn't ashamed of the old mother who patched his trowsers when he was poor.

Abbey's profits from the Bernhardt tour are about $65,000 thus far; but, it is said, he has lost as much more, on his New York theatres.

A morning contemporary avers that Nature did not give us noses for nothing. Coloring them is what costs.—*New York Commercial.*

A Kingston man successfully finished a repast of eleven hard boiled eggs on a wager last week. His funeral was largely attended.

Gen. Cameron is MacVeagh's father-in-law; but he couldn't be more opposed to him (politically) if he were his mother-in-law.—*Buffalo Express.*

A majority of the old office holders have put on clean shirts and announced themselves ready to continue under the new Administration.

There are two things wanting to make New York's world's fair a success. One is a change of site, and the other is a sight of "change."

It is stated that the health officer of the port of New York enjoys an annual income of from $75,000 to $100,000 from the fees of his office.

It is stated that the Washington barrooms double their forces when there is an all-night session of Congress. Party and sectional lines disappear at the threshold of a sample-room.

When a biography begins "He was born of poor but honest parents," you may set it down as an axiom that his father was not a plumber nor his mother a milliner.

It is suggested that this country has seldom had a President accustomed to "the best society." The man who learns the routine of polite society seldom has much energy left for greater things.

"A critic complains that the voices of American girls are too cold." He probably never hinted to one of them that English girls were better looking.

Twenty-eight young lady members of a Philadelphia Cooking Club decided to have a pot luck banquet, each to secretly prepare and contribute a dish on which she prided herself. The banquet consisted of twenty-eight pans of chocolate caramels.

General Garfield has been made a doctor of laws by a Pennsylvania college. These colleges are getting bolder and bolder. They will be dragging people out of bed to nail degrees to them. Poor Agassiz looked like a thermometer before he died.

The New York Central Railroad last year earned nearly twelve per cent. net upon its grossly watered capital and after spending all it could upon betterments and declaring an eight per cent. dividend, has now several millions surplus in its treasury, which it is trying to find a way to divide, a proposition to further water its stock having been seriously entertained.—*New York Graphic.*

A New York paper once paid William North at the rate of a dollar a word for an editorial opposing the temperance question. Being told that quality and not quantity was wanted, he wrote this sentence: "We had rather see the whole world get drunk of its own free will than one man kept sober by compulsion." He received his twenty dollars and the paragraph appeared the next day.


### A Good Housewife

The good housewife, when she is giving her house its spring renovating, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than many houses, and that their system need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from Spring malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines.—*Concord, N. H. Patriot.* 16-2t

### A Foolish Mistake.

Don't make the mistake of confounding a remedy of acknowledged merit with the numerous quack medicines that are now so common. We speak from experience when we say that Parker's Ginger Tonic is a sterling health restorative and will do all that is claimed for it. We have used it ourselves with the happiest results for Rheumatism and when worn out by overwork. See adv. —Times. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Smethport, Pa. 14-4t.

### To Persons About to Marry.

"To persons about to marry," Douglas Jerrold's advice was "Don't" we supplement by saying; without laying in a supply of Spring Blossom, which cure Albuminuria and other Kidney and bladder complaints. Prices: $1., 50 cents and trial bottles 10 cents.

### Well Fixed.

Pencil writing can be fixed almost indelibly by passing the moistened tongue over it. Invalids can be cured of Dyspepsia and its attendant horrors by using Spring Blossom. Prices $1., 50 cents, and trial bottles 10 cents.

### Worth Remembering.

Now that good times are again upon us, before indulging in extravagant show, it is worth remembering that no one can enjoy the pleasantest surroundings if in bad health. There are hundreds of miserable people going about to-day, with disordered stomach, liver or kidneys, or a dry, hacking cough, and one foot in the grave, whom a 50 ct. bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic would do them more good than all the expensive doctors and quack medicines they have ever tried. It always makes the blood pure and rich, and will build you up and give you good health at little cost. Read of it in another column. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Smethport, Pa. 14-4t.

### As Ice disappears Under a July Sun.

So that hacking cough disappears under the use of *Hamilton's Cough Balsam.* It soothes and heals the membrane of the lungs, it remedies the night sweats and tightness across the chest, and is universally declared to be the best balsam extant. Those having tastefully tried many other remedies are speedily relieved by *this.* Sample bottles, 25 cents; large size, 50 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Smethport, Pa. 14-4t.

### A Merciful Man

Is merciful to his beast; and knows that to prepare his horses for the spring work *Condition Powders put up by E. M. Forrester* are unequaled, being composed of the best and purest materials. They are also given to hogs and sheep with great benefit. Kept by first-class dealers generally. Full pound packages only 25c. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Smethport, Pa. 14-4t.

### Workingmen.

Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague, Bilious or Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much sickness and great expense if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don't wait. —*Burlington Hawkeye.* 16-2t.

### Don't Forget.

If you are suffering from any of the numerous diseases of the stomach, bowels or liver, it is your own fault if you remain ill, when you have at hand *Forrester's Blood Purifier,* a sovereign remedy in all such ailments. Price, $1 per bottle; sample bottles, 15 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Smethport, Pa. 14-4t.

*MISCELLANEOUS.*

MASONIC HALL

FURNITURE STORE!

Specht & Sasse.

We are now settled in our new store and are prepared to furnish the people of this vicinity and the county with.

FURNITURE

of all kinds and of

PRICE AND QUALITY

to suit the purchaser.

Undertaking in all its branches.

Full and Complete Line of

WALL PAPER!

Constantly on Hand.

Friends and patrons are invited to

CALL AND SEE US

in our location, and

Look at our Stock

SPECHT & SASSE,

Main St., Smethport, Pa.

S. J. GIFFORD,

Dealers in

LUMBER!

Are prepared to furnish on short notice bills of

Lumber, Lath and Shingles,

in quantities to suit customers.

Having superior facilities for supplying the trade they are confident they can furnish as cheap as other dealers, and merit a share of the business. Orders may be addressed to Eldred, and will be promptly filled. Lumber can be delivered at any point in the county. *☞* PARTIES CONTEMPLATING ANY PART OF THIS OIL REGION.

SARTWELL HOUSE,

Port Allegany, Pa.

S. C. SARTWELL, - PROPRIETOR

The above House has been recently Rebuilt, Refurnished and Refitted in the Latest Style for the convenience of Guests.

BRADFORD HOUSE,

280 *Exchange, Cor. Louisiana St.,*

Opposite the B. N. Y. & P. R. R. Depot,

*BUFFALO, N. Y.*

ED. SEIL, - - - Proprietor.

Fillmore House,

Cor. Washington and Carroll Streets,

Buffalo, N. Y

*Rates reduced to $1.00 per day; single meal, 25 cents.*

This house is a house recently refurnished in the most modern style. It is centrally located, and within one block of the Erie, N. Y. Central, and Lake Shore depots. Stages pass the house from all parts of the city continually.

R. SULLY - - Prop'r.

AKIN HOUSE,

COLEVILLE, PA.,

MARION AKIN, Proprietor.

A rural home for the Traveler. Rates reasonable. Our efforts are to please. Everything neat and commodious. Table supplied from the best the country affords. Meals at all hours. Good tabling and livery.

OLEAN HOUSE.

OLEAN, N. Y.

Geo. VanCampen & Sons, Proprietors.

Centrally located, East side Main Street. First class Livery, Barber Shop and Bath Rooms attached.

GEO. VAN CAMPEN, JAS. E. VAN CAMPEN
GEO. VAN CAMPEN, JR.

Broezel's Hotel,

cor. *Seneca and Wells Streets,*

BUFFALO, N. Y.

First Class in every respect.

John Broezel - Prop'r.

SCOTT HOUSE,

E. L. SCOTT, PROPRIETOR,

Port Allegany, Pa.

*Physicians.*

FREEMAN & CARROLL,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,

Smethport, Pa.

S. D. Freeman, T. H. Carroll

H. L. McCOY,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office at residence, cor. Main and Byron streets,

Smethport, Pa.

E. G. BROWN

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Office and rooms over the Post Office.

Smethport, Pa.

J. T. REILLY,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OFFICE—Post Block. SMETHPORT, PA.

*Business Cards.*

*Hotels.*

BENNETT HOUSE.

OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

F. E. & G. C. SCHRICK, Prop'rs.

This Hotel is the most centrally located one in the borough, being directly opposite the Court House, and is the corner of Main street. It has been recently enlarged, remodeled and refurnished, and is by far the best arranged and best furnished Hotel in Northern Pennsylvania.

*☞* Guests are guaranteed satisfaction.

WRIGHT HOUSE.

MAIN ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

B. F. WRIGHT, Proprietor.

*First Class in every Respect.*

This Hotel is recently built, and is furnished with all the conveniences of a first-class House. A well stocked and well kept Bar connected with the house. Rates reasonable.

Exchange Hotel.

NEAR BUFFALO DEPOT, SMETHPORT, PA.

J. H. BOWERS, Proprietor.

This Hotel is newly made and furnished in all respects for the comfort and convenience of the traveling public.

BENTON HOUSE.

Larrabees, Pa.

C. E. BOOTH - - - Prop't.

Located directly opposite the Mail, A. & E. and B. R. T. & P. R. R. depots. The house has been refitted and newly furnished throughout, and is now a first class house.

CENTRAL HOTEL.

ELDRED, PA.

R. DENNIS, Proprietor.

House newly built, substantially furnished and first class in every respect. The only pleasure Hotel in Eldred, and the best hotel house in the county. *☞* PARTIES CONVEYED TO ANY PART OF THE OIL REGION.

# THE McKEAN MINER.

Smethport, Pa., March 31, 1881.

R. H. BARD, Editor and Proprietor.


### A SQUELCHER.

If ever a Legislature was completely discomfited, it was the one sitting in Harrisburg on Thursday of last week when a small pamphlet was laid on the desk of each Senator and Member which contained an opinion from the Law officer of the Government. Ordinarily an opinion from that source would receive but little attention, but in this instance every man in the two houses comprehended the full import of it inside of five minutes from the time it landed on their desks. The sum and substance of this opinion is, that no matter how long the Legislature may remain in session, each member will be entitled to only $1000 salary. A thunder-bolt from a clear sky could not have created greater consternation in the ranks of the "wise men of the east." The General Appropriation bill had just passed the House on second reading, and the principal feature of the bill was an allowance of $1500 for each senator and member for 150 day's service.

Improper motives have been attributed to the Attorney General because of this decision, but from all the information we can gather we are of the opinion that such allegations are without foundation. A short time since Representative Latouche of Luzerne county addressed a letter to State Treasurer Butler and Auditor General Schell, requesting a construction of the law providing for the payment of members of the Legislature. These officials submitted the question to the Attorney General, and in reply he addressed a long communication to them of the act of 1874. He holds that the sum of $1000 is fixed pay as salary; that it is not wages or a per diem allowance, therefore so much of the act of 1874 as provides daily pay of $10 for fifty days or less is unconstitutional, and that payments made by the State Treasurer under it would be unwarranted and unauthorized.

In reference to the decision of the Attorney General, the following statements are current: The opinion was prepared by the official in person, at his own house, and was based entirely on law and constitution, without regard to any legislative measures which might or might not be affected by an early or late adjournment, any decision to compel an early adjournment to accomplish any purpose, or to promote or defeat any particular legislation, is utterly repudiated, as with the progress of legislation or its method in the two Houses the Attorney General has nothing to do. There is nothing in the decision which is intended to prevent the Legislature from attending to all its important business within the one hundred days, or of continuing in session for any longer period if it desires. An investigation of the books of the two Houses shows that the business has been conducted on a very dilatory policy. The House out of 550 bills introduced has passed but 37, and the Senate out of 237 passed but 47, while the crop of new bills increases almost daily. Up to Saturday last only three bills had reached the Governor. Apart from perhaps two score of appropriation bills, the bulky files are crowded with what is termed experimental legislation of no particular importance. It is believed that the decision of the Attorney General will save the State nearly a quarter of a million of dollars.

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*Truth* crushed to the earth, seems to be slow in rising with the author of the Morey letter forgery.

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THE West bankers for the surplus women of the East, but they will not go. All this comes from Greeley's advice, "Go West, young man." He should have advised women to go also.

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TWO of the greatest liberators the world has ever known, Lincoln and Alexander II, met their fate at the hands of assassins. Socialists in America, a synonym for Nihilists in Russia, would find much food for reflection in the above fact, if such people were given to reflection.

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THE sooner the Administration begins its work on the Mormons the better the country will be pleased. It is not altogether with the followers of Mormonism, in a social sense, with which the Government is asked to deal, but with the assumption of the so called Church in Utah to set up its ecclesiastical dogmas in opposition to statute law and civil authority in the United States. This is where the wrong is lodged that the Government is asked to deal with, and the sooner the supreme force of the national authority is exercised in Utah, as it is elsewhere, the better men of all creeds will be satisfied.

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THE Williamsport *Bulletin* tells the following singular and sad story: Recently Governor Foster pardoned a man named Seitz from the Ohio penitentiary, who was convicted of murder in 1846, when a young man, and sentenced to solitary confinement for life. He is now fifty-six years of age, and has spent thirty-four years of his life in prison. When he was brought to the penitentiary he left a wife and child in Cincinnati. They died a long time ago. His relatives are all dead. At last accounts his aged mother was living in Germany, ignorant of her son's whereabouts. He could not speak English when he was received at the prison, but can do so now, on the amount of his conversing with the prison people. Seitz has never seen a railroad, except by glimpses from the roofs of the prison shops. Only three of the jurymen who convicted Seitz are now living. All three recommended his pardon, as did the prosecuting attorney who prosecuted him; now Judge Carter, and the directors and officers of the penitentiary. Entering the penitentiary a mere boy, he comes out an aged man, and his emotions, as he beholds the busy world which has changed so much since he left, would be of value, could some one obtain them.

## DOWN IN DIXIE.

A BRADFORD MAN AT THE VIRGINIA CAPITAL—HIS IMPRESSIONS OF LIFE IN THAT STATE.

[Special correspondence Bradford Star.]

RICHMOND, Va., March 7.—It just occurs to me that I promised to telegraph you from Washington "arrivals and incidents" previous to and on Inauguration Day. Between the promise and now I have only thought of it once, and that was after everybody had reached Washington and everything important had been done to install a President. The National Guards of Pennsylvania had paraded in all their pomp and pride and had received from General Sherman, Sheridan, and the newspapers the highest praise. The President had delivered his inaugural, taken the oath of office, kissed his mother and taken lodgings for four years in the White House. All before I thought to wire a word to the *Star* about it. If it were not for the name of it you may just as well have had no dispatcher there.

There are many things in and about Washington I would like to mention in a letter, but since I am now at the late head center of the Rebellion, I prefer to say a word about Richmond.

I reached this city over the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Alexandria Railroad. Between the two latter places, in the old war days, I did some good marching, as well on the retreat as on the advance. At that time I was not alone in calling it the most worthless piece of country, to fight about, on the globe. I haven't changed my mind. It would be a good country for oil purposes if it only "had the sand."

Over the whole stretch of country from Alexandria to Fredericksburg there is but one sacred spot. That is where the flag floats above the green graves of its defenders. There is Arlington, Alexandria and Fredericksburg, each forever hallowed ground, for here sleep the loyal dead.

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat the soldier's last tattoo,
No more on life's parade shall meet those brave and fallen few;
On fame's eternal camping ground their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round the bivouac of the dead."

God grant that the same beauteous banner may float forever above them, at once a guardian and a glory!

But what shall I say of Richmond? I wish I might say something good of her. Let me see. There is the statue of Washington and the bust of Lafayette by Hudson. There is the monument to Henry Clay and there is the National Cemetery—things to admire and to love. But, alas! in their sacred presence stands the Capitol, made infamous by a Confederate Congress. There is the mansion of Jeff Davis, where plotting treason hatched her brood of ills. There is Castle Thunder, where they of the South who loved the flag of Washington and Lincoln paid the penalty of their devotion by chains and dungeons and death. There there is Libby, with Bell Isle in the distance—names forever black with the shadow of the deepest crimes that shame our age. Oh! what tongue can tell the tales of anguish that wrung the human hearts that ceased to beat here!

Capt. H. B. Huff, of our city, who was twice a prisoner here, is one of the party. I shall not forget the shadow that passed over his face or the tear that glistened in his eye as he attempted, in the presence of Libby, to explain his escape, recapture and subsequent suffering. But I must not "wave the bloody shirt."

Richmond in the North would be well described by the word *musty*. Of all the villainous compounds that ever offended the human nostril, not a single one is wanting here—and yet the natives seem to like it.

Speaking of the natives reminds me that of these, only the colored seem to have anything to do. The F. F. V's. all have canes in their hands, cigars in their mouths and conceit in their bearing. They are waiting for something to turn up. In the meantime the colored people are hard at work. They all seem to have got the notion, somehow, that the world does not owe every man a living—unless he earns it. It is not beyond the range of possibilities that the next generation may find the darkies in the Richmond palaces, and the chivalry out of doors. If retributive justice, in its course through the centuries, should carve such a monument to the patience and industry of the former, and weave such a web to trip the feet of the latter, history would become rich in romance. If such an event shall come in my day, please do not count me among the mourners. W. W. B.

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IT is constantly being shown that extreme caution should be placed on expert testimony, and another instance is afforded in the Whittaker court martial, now in progress in New York. The evidence which the writing expert, Mr. Southworth, has been giving, is an abundant proof of this. All experience has demonstrated that upon whatever side the expert has been called in, on that side the weight of his testimony shall be thrown. He is no longer able to balance the scales of justice evenly, but the beam tips toward the side by which his services were employed. Instead of a man whose highest aim is supposed to be to elicit the truth in the court of justice, he becomes the partisan and the advocate, just as much as the lawyers who get pay for crying up one side of the question and crying down the other. There is no doubt these men could very materially aid in the course of justice, but apparently the sole aim seems to be to make the doubtful circumstances agree with the theory of their clients. This fact has had a tendency to lower the value of such expert testimony, and every day seems to lessen the confidence courts once placed in it.

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THE loss of life by the fire at Nice is stated by the American Consul at seventy-three, no Americans or English being among the number. An extraordinary statement is now made by the director of the opera-house. This is, that such a strong smell of gas was noticed in the theatre on Wednesday that he communicated with the authorities, and suggested that the performance be put off until the gas apparatus could be examined. The reply was to give the opera as announced. If this statement is correct, the destruction of these seventy-three lives must be regarded as one of the most deliberate and inexcusable official butcheries on record.

## REMINISCENCES.

THE BATTLE FIELD OF FREDERICKSBURG REVISITED BY THE STATE CORRESPONDENT WHO PARTICIPATED IN THE TERRIBLE FIGHT.

[Special Correspondence Bradford Star.]

FREDERICKSBURG, Va., March 9.—There are more dilapidated towns in Virginia than Richmond, and of these Fredericksburg is one. At the depot, as we alighted from the cars, was gathered a crowd of mixed colors, varying from a pale faced white man—a fish-monger (who seemed to be the only one of his color who had anything to do), down to the blackest of the blacks. From the fish-monger we learned that "wha' you flag is, the Confederate army repulsed the Federals at every advance they made, and the national cemetery bein' on the same ground."

But few evidences of the terrible conflict that was waged here on Dec. 13th, 1862, are now to be found, except the general desolation on every hand. Down on the left, where the Pennsylvania Reserves fought with such terrible odds against them that half their number were left either dead or wounded on the field, there stretches away the plain, with its same long, solemn row of cedars lining the highway—the deep ravine where stands, as then, the same old stone mill; still farther to the left stands the old brick house, on the bluff, fronting the scene of carnage, and yonder to the south streaks the skirt of woods, where three thousand heroes died for freedom and enfranchisement! It was here where Tommy Malone received the wound that finally caused him to sleep in the hill side cemetery at Smethport. Here Joseph Hater received a shot square in the forehead and fell dead without a groan. Here Mosier, and Hudson, and Jackson, and a score more of the old Bucktails, whose names have passed from my memory, fell dead amid the crash of musketry and the thunder of two hundred pieces of artillery. It was in this strip of woods—now narrowed to a mere neck, skirting the present railroad, and just in front of the deep cut, where C. Cornforth (who afterwards became Inspector of Orphans' Schools of Pennsylvania) received that terrible wound that wrecked his arm for a life time. Here it was that fainting from the loss of blood he lay down hoping and praying that his comrades might hold the ground his own valor had helped to gain, but alas only to witness it retaken and held by the enemy and himself made prisoner; and down yonder, under the bluff that skirts the Rappahannock, just as darkness with its mantle of mercy came down to cover this field of blood; and just at the lighting of the fire to cook coffee for the wounded, is where a descending shell struck Jourdan, of Co. C, and Jackson of Co. H, killing them, as they are killed who stand in the presence of a bursting torpedo. Then followed a scene there, that neither tongue nor pen can ever describe; shells bursting to the right and left and front, shells bursting in the air, shells piping the ground, shells plunging into the river, all belching their death-dealing thunders in the sacred presence of a thousand wounded, bleeding, dying patriots! Ah, it is a time for memory and for tears.

Near a score of years have run their course since the tragedies of that dread hour crimsoned her banks and made the Rappahannock to run blood. But the human groan and the dying look, that no artist brush can ever paint, haunt the memory still, and o'er the majestic tread of these years there comes the solemn, awful sound of a funeral knell that will never be hushed. And did the blood flow at Fredericksburg all in vain? Not so. Every drop has watered the tree of liberty.

Remembering how that tree has grown during the last twenty years and with faith in the hopeful words quoted by Grow a quarter of a century ago: "Freedom's battle once begun, though baffled oft is ever won," I turned from Fredericksburg, and will gladly forget if I can that desolation still reigns and oppression still grinds his victims, over half the region conquered from rebellion!

This evening our party returns to Washington and from there I may talk politics to your readers in my next.

W. W. B.

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### Death of Col. E. A. L. Roberts of Titusville.

[From Buffalo Express, March 30th.]

Toward the close of the war of the rebellion a veteran in an old army overcoat and with shoes well worn, appeared in the Pennsylvania oil country, which was at that time in a comparatively small degree developed, but was already the field of very active operations and a centre of great general interest. The presence of the oleaginous treasure had been discovered in a considerable expanse of territory, and fortunes had been made, both by the original owners of the previously almost worthless land, and the enterprising operators of the drill; but yet a very important element in the successful development of the oil lands was lacking. Col. E. A. L. Roberts came with not a dollar in his pocket, but he brought the key to the oil country's prosperity. A smooth hole bored deep down into the rock would prolifically spout petroleum for a little while, then dwindle in productiveness until profit disappeared. Col. Roberts had studied the want and discovered the remedy in that terrible explosive agent, nitro-glycerine. He invented the now indispensable Roberts torpedo, a simple yet very ingenious device, perfect in its effectiveness. This was the supremely successful accomplishment of a great inventive mind. Unlike many other inventors whose discoveries have been benefactions to the world, he reaped the reward. The poor soldier of twenty years ago yesterday morning held a million in each hand when he was unexpectedly stricken dead by paralysis of the heart.

Col. Roberts was born April 29th, 1830, in Moreau, Saratoga County, this State, and received such schooling as he had at Glens Falls. In 1846 he enlisted as a private soldier in the Tenth New York Regulars with whom he served twenty-two months in the Mexican War, until the conclusion of that struggle when he was honorably discharged and returned to his Saratoga County home. In 1851, associated with his two brothers, he began the practice of dentistry at Poughkeepsie from whence he soon removed to New York City, where he opened a dental depot on Rand street.

In 1861 the civil war broke out, and the subject of this sketch was appointed [illegible] in December, 1862, when he was wounded in the knee by a fragment of a shell. Ill health required his resignation, but later he assisted in organizing the 84th Regiment with which he served a short time. Again returning to private life, he conceived the idea of the nitro-glycerine torpedo, and with the hope of mending his then very poor fortune sought the oil country, as has been described. The success of his first experiments was entire. The tide of his affairs from that time flowed steadily on to fortune for himself and his kindred.

Col. Roberts had many acquaintances and friends in this city which he frequently visited. They will long remember his kind attentions, his exceedingly interesting conversation upon practical subjects, and his good humor, for with those whom he liked he was most genial. Col. Roberts leaves a wife and two children. His brother, the Hon. W. H. Roberts, has been his partner in the torpedo and the banking business. His nephew, Mr. Owen Roberts, has been superintendent of their business in the Bradford district. In the death of Edward A. L. Roberts, Titusville loses her most distinguished citizen and the oil country the man who has done more than any other to develop its prosperity.

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### How Officials Were Once Paid.

It is not a generally known historical fact that from 1777 to 1784 the territory now known as Tennessee formed a part of North Carolina, and that in 1785 the Tennesseeans, becoming dissatisfied with their government, organized a State government under the name of "Franklyn," which was maintained for some years. The organization afterward disbanded, and Territorial Tennessee was again annexed to South Carolina. The following are among the laws passed by the Legislature of the State of Franklyn. We copy as found in a speech by Daniel Webster on the currency in 1838.

"Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Franklyn, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That from the first day of January, 1779, the salaries of the officers of this commonwealth be as follows, to-wit:

"His Excellency the Governor, per annum, 1,000 deer skins.

"His Honor the Chief Justice, 500 deer skins, or 500 raccoon skins.

"The Treasurer of the State, 450 raccoon skins.

"Each County Clerk, 300 beaver skins.

"Clerk of the House of Commons, 300 raccoon skins.

"Member of Assembly, per diem, three raccoon skins.

"Justice's fee for signing a warrant, one muskrat skin.

"To the Constable, for serving a warrant, one mink skin.

"Entered into a law the 18th day of October, 1779, under the great seal of the State."

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MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, if the truth should be known, has a little larger income than he knows what to do with. The New York *Herald*, which he inherited from his father, is a perfect mine. Extravagant as he is, and spending money wisely and foolishly, he has still more than he wants. He, quite likely, sent his hundred thousand to Ireland, and did not feel compelled to cut off a single personal luxury. He did more by that act, though, than all the other millionaires of Great Britian or America. Whatever may have been or may not have been the sacrifice he made, he should have all the credit of the gift. It is the purest sort of churlishness to look a gift horse in the mouth. And with a regard for solving a problem of science Mr. Bennett fitted out an expedition to find the North Pole, after his noble co-operation in searching out the hidden secret of Africa.—He was applauded by the deed in spite of those who take no stock in finding an shadowy an object. The Jeannette has been absent two years and nothing heard of her. The government, in its slow way, has decided to send out a relief vessel, but Bennett cables from Europe to stop work on his pleasure yacht and fit up a vessel especially adapted for Arctic voyaging, which he proposes to take command of in person. If true, Mr. Bennett has determined to sacrifice his person, when he has hitherto sacrificed only his money. And he exhibits the example of a man who acknowledges his obligations to the men, who, for his idea, committed their lives and fortunes to the freezing waters about the Arctic circle. And it has become a vital question whether they survive or not.

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REV. ELNATHAN E. HIGBEE, who has been nominated and confirmed as superintendent of public schools of this State, was born in Burlington, Vermont, and was graduated with honor in 1849. After his graduation he commenced the study of law, but was induced to engage in teaching in Emmettsburg, Frederick county, Md. While in Emmettsburg his mind was turned to the christian ministry and he soon after entered the theological seminary of the German Reformed church then at Mercersburg. He was licensed to preach the gospel in May, 1854, and served as a supply to the Emmettsburg charge. In 1853 he was dismissed to the Congregational association of Vermont, and labored with great acceptance at Bethel, in that state. In 1866 Dr. Higbee received a call to the First Reformed church at Tiffin, Ohio, and at the same time served as professor of languages in Heidelberg college, located at that place. In 1868 Dr. Higbee took charge of Grace church, Pittsburgh, where his brilliant sermons attracted much attention. Higbee was appointed by the board of visitors professor of church history and exegesis, and so Dr. Schaff resigned the chair of church history and exegesis in Mercersburg college. In 1865 the synod at Lewisburg unanimously, and by acclamation, elected him to fill the place permanently. Dr. Higbee continued his connection with the seminary until its removal to Lancaster in 1887, when he resigned and took the presidency of Mercersburg college, where he has since labored. Dr. Higbee received his doctorate from Franklin and Marshall college about fifteen years ago. His scholarship is beyond all question, the most confident men of the land being the judges. In the fields of English literature and belles lettres he is quite at home. As a conversationalist and a public speaker he has great magnetism and force.

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### Life Insurance Companies.

The Insurance Commissioner of Pennsylvania, Hon. [illegible], has issued a circular to the life insurance companies doing business in this State, requiring them to make a report of their business for the year 1880. The circular is as follows:

"Each company will report the number of policies issued, the amount insured thereby, the premiums received thereon, the number of policies terminated by death, the amount paid for losses by death, the number of policies terminated by surrender, the amount paid for surrendered policies, the number of policies terminated by lapse, the number of policies in force at the end of the year, the amount insured thereby, the premiums received thereon, the amount of interest received, the amount of rents received, the amount of all other receipts, the amount of dividends paid to policy holders, the amount of commissions paid to agents, the amount of salaries paid to officers, the amount of all other expenses, the amount of taxes paid, the amount of losses unpaid, the amount of dividends unpaid, the amount of all other liabilities, the amount of assets, the amount of surplus, the amount of capital stock, the amount of dividends declared, the amount of dividends paid, the amount of dividends unpaid, the amount of all other payments, the amount of all other receipts

L. W. MASON

*is now receiving some of the finest* HEATING STOVES *ever brought to Smethport, which he is selling at low cost, but for a small profit for cash.*

*SHELF GOODS*

*I call line of shelf goods usually kept in a hardware store, and sold at the lowest possible price.*

*Go into Mason's and examine the* STOVES *manufactured by Quimby & Perry, Troy, N. Y. They are the best in the market.*

THE McKEAN MINER.

Smethport, Pa., March 21, 1881.

## HERE AND HEREABOUTS.

We will petition the President
That have some women sent,
For our marriage we are bent,
Poor old Bachelors.

Up to bed we creep alone—
Feel as cold as any stone—
There we lie and groan and groan,
Poor old bachelors."

Vernor, you villian!

The underpinning is knocked out of winter.

The oyster season is rapidly nearing its close.

A maple sugar party ought to be in order soon.

The attendance at Court this week is unusually light.

The frost is quite rapidly coming out of the ground.

The new Spring bonnet is a flower bed with a border of feathers.

We are indebted to Mrs. D. C. Young, of Larrabee, for valuable favors.

One fourth of the year 1881 is numbered with the things that were.

To-morrow will probably demonstrate that the fools are not all dead yet.

A large line of Carpets just received at A. B. Rowley & Co's. Eldred, Pa. 17-4t.

Some of our exchanges informs us that early vegetables have appeared in market.

According to official figures, there are about 394 gold and 119 silver watches in McKean county.

The editor's wife returns thanks to Mrs. S. P. Beckwith, of Farmers Valley, for a supply of new maple sugar.

Mr. L. Tabor and wife returned from their visit to friends in Tioga and Bradford counties on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. D. R. Hamlin started for Washington on Tuesday to join her husband who has been in that city for some time.

M. N. Allen has the contract and is now busily engaged erecting one-hundred feet of bark sheds for the Extract Company.

A Chicago editor advertises for a wife who knows less than he does. Just as if any woman would own up to such ignorance.

If one man pulls out his watch in a crowd all the rest haul out their chronometers, although they don't care a cent what time it is.

Mr. J. Stoddard of Farmers Valley, fell from a wagon on Tuesday and received injuries from which he is confined to his bed.

Lumber wagons and spring wagons of every description at Jacob Wind's, on Water street. All kinds of work made to order on short notice.

Mumps are still raging, and Smethport has the largest crop yet reported. The young man who has not his throat tied up is clear out of fashion.

Now is the time to commence throwing oyster cans, broken bottles, bones, old boots, etc. over the fence into your neighbor's yard. "They all do it."

The Chinese women never jumps on a chair and scream when they see a mouse. Not much. It is the mouse that needs to hold its skirts tight at such a time.

Col. E. A. L. Roberts, the inventor of the oil well torpedo, died in Titusville last Friday. He was buried on Sunday. His loss to Titusville cannot be estimated.

See advertisement of Harry Wilson in another column. Harry is selling groceries, &c., dirt cheap, yet his goods are A No 1. Do not fail to call and get prices.

We learn that Judge Gillis has failed very much in health since the unfortunate death of his son at the hand of an assassin. The Judge is in a precarious condition.

The plasterers are now at work plastering the Grand Central Hotel. The first coat is nearly on and the second coat is now being spread on the rooms of the first floor.

A Miss Scott, of Monongahela City, according to the New York *Clipper*, is the prettiest female in the country, and will probably be awarded the $10,000 prize offered by Forepaugh.

In the contest of the election of W. F. Jordan, Mayor of Bradford, on Tuesday a motion was made for a rule to show cause why petition should not be quashed. Returnable April 1.

The mumps have made another attack. The latest victims to the plague being Dr. Carroll, Frank Wright, Frank Backus, Fred. Brownell, Burg Chadwick, Ed Taylor and James Beckwith.

Mr. Wellington has retired from the Duke Centre *News* and his former partner, Mr. Carr, assumes entire control of the paper. The *News* is a spicy paper, and we wish it continued success.

Charley and Tom Melvin and Ed. Clark were among the countless witnesses from Bradford this week who were called here to testify in the suit of James E. Blair vs. the Bradford Oil Company.

An exchange says that "counterfeit twenty five cent pieces are said to be in circulation." We know it to be a fact, and want to find that man who gave us a bogus quarter for inserting a death notice of his wife.

Mr. T. F. O'Day returned on Tuesday from a trip to Elmira, Binghamton and New York cities. Mr. O'Day purchased a fine stock of goods for his merchant tailoring establishment during his absence.

—A Troy girl who has been deaf since childhood regained her hearing through the mediumship of a handsome young doctor who tackled her case. He sat down beside her and began telling her how good-looking she was.

—Our old friend, Hon. W. J. Davis, of Port Allegany, who is serving as a juror this week, made us a very pleasant visit yesterday. Davis is one of the most respected citizens of the county, and we are always pleased to meet him.

—Do not fail to read the two letters which appear in this issue, dated at Richmond and Fredericksburg, Virginia. They were written by a former citizen of this place and will be read with interest by his numerous friends in this vicinity.

—Norman Cox has been putting down an oil well for the Buffalo Coal Company, near Clermont. On Thursday night last the rig burned down, the tools badly damaged—in fact everything about the well was destroyed. We have not learned the cause of the accident.

—Mrs. Cory died at the residence of her son Capt. A. H. Cory, in Coryville, on Monday morning last. She was upwards of 82 years of age, and was possessed of a remarkably bright intellect. Next week we hope to publish an appropriate obituary of the deceased.

—When you see a young man sailing down street shortly after midnight with his collar mashed down his neck you can make up your mind that there's a young girl crawling up stairs not far distant with her shoes under her arm and an extinguished lamp in her hand.

—About half-past six o'clock last evening smoke was seen issuing from the cellar of the Wright House, and upon investigation fire was discovered around the chimney. By the liberal use of water the fire was soon extinguished with but little damage to the proprietor.

—Tuesday evening last Col. Sanford delivered his lecture, "The Old Times and the New," at the Kittredge Opera House to a small but appreciative audience. The Col. held the attention of his listeners from the beginning to the close, and all pronounced it as being the best of the course.

—Do not forget that the sale of the house and lot owned by the A. N. Taylor estate takes place on Wednesday next, the 6th of April. It is one of the most desirable dwelling houses in the borough of Smethport, and any one who wishes to buy a nice home will find it to his advantage to attend the sale.

—Harry Richmond, who has been in the employ of A. B. Armstrong as drug clerk for some time past, has accepted a situation as prescription clerk in the Oil Exchange drug store, Bradford. Harry is one of those thorough going young men who will do well for his employers and win hosts of friends for himself.

—The tenement houses of Smethport are taxed to their utmost capacity, and every available building is being utilized as a dwelling. The old school house, on the road leading to Farmers Valley, which has stood in a dilapidated condition as one of the land marks from time immemorial, is now being reconstructed into a dwelling house.

—A man out West named Berry has been having a terrible time. When he went courting he could stand it well enough when the girls would call him their precious huckleberry, and the dear old gooseberry, but when his sons were becoming in the community and everybody went to calling him the elder Berry it broke his heart and he applied to the court for leave to be buried by some other name.

—F. H. Farquharson chartered a train on the M'K & B. R. R. to run from Colegrove to Smethport and return on Saturday evening last, thus giving the people of that town a chance to witness the performance at the Opera House. A goodly number availed themselves of the opportunity, and Frank, no doubt, has the thanks of all who attended, for his thoughtfulness in providing them with means for transportation.

—W. J. Colegrove, now of Smethport, McKean county, but formerly of Colegrove, McKean county, was in Ridgway Borough this week, on business in connection with the Ridgway lots for which he is agent. Nearly all the original Ridgway lots have been taken. Mr. Colegrove is one of the Commissioners of McKean county and likewise a gentleman whom his many friends in this Borough are always glad to welcome.—*Ridgway Democrat.*

—"Gail" Hamilton freed her mind to a reporter the other day, who imagined right after that nitro glycerine had exploded beneath his feet: "I would have you know, what I vainly try to impress upon the Washington public, that I am not a poor relation, but I have a house of my own, sir, and I am a land owner, and pay taxes, and support the minister, and put my name down on subscription papers, and do the marketing, and grumble over expenses, just like a man and a brother, and you had better call this way and see me do it."

—The State Senate has passed a bill providing for the election of a collector of taxes by each borough and township in the commonwealth, who shall collect the taxes. All persons making payment of taxes before the first day of October in each year for the current year shall be entitled to a reduction of five per cent. The collector is to have a commission of two per cent. on the amount collected before the first of October, and five per cent. on all afterwards collected.

—We find the following in an exchange, and the conclusions drawn seem plausible: The protracted cold weather has had the effect of retarding the premature budding of fruit trees, that too frequently occurs during an open winter, and the result will doubtless be a large increase in the fruit crop. Small fruits will also do well, the heavy snows serving to protect them from the nipping frosts, and also preventing the freezing out that takes place in a severe winter when the ground becomes solid for a considerable depth below the surface.

... at the Kittredge Opera House on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings.

On Thursday evening the company played the popular comedy entitled "Led Astray," concluding with the roaring farce, entitled "Too Obliging Benson."

On Friday evening they appeared in the celebrated drama which is now being performed by Sara Bernhardt, from the French of Alexander Dumas, entitled "Camille, or the Fate of a Coquette."

On Saturday evening, the last night of their appearance in Smethport, they presented the celebrated drama from Tennyson's poem, entitled "Enoch Arden," followed by the Balcony Scene from Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," closing with the side-splitting farce entitled "Humpty Dumpty."

Miss May Roberts is a grand success as an emotional actress, and being supported by a company of first-class artists, we have no hesitancy in saying that it was the best combination the citizens of Smethport ever had the pleasure of witnessing in their own town.

The attendance on each evening was large, but should the company ever again visit our town the Opera House would no doubt be filled to its utmost capacity.

### The Windfall Strike.

The Eldred paper, in its Saturday's issue, crows thus heartily over the new strike near that place. Well may the *Eagle* scream if there be any hope for the resurrection of that antiquated village:

"Since the Vandergriff well was finished all attention has been directed to the Morse & Williams well, located some distance from it toward Eldred. Up to last evening, some seventy hours from the time the well was drilled through the sand, it had between 400 and 500 feet of oil in the hole. The sand was forty feet in thickness and of as good quality as can be found anywhere in the northern field. There is not as much gas in this well as at the Vandergriff, but it shows up more oil. It will probably take until Monday or Tuesday to fill up 1,000 feet, when it will be treated to a good dose of glycerine. This well proves beyond a doubt that Eldred is not "off the belt." The operations will be very active about here this summer and Eldred will be one of the liveliest cities in the county."

### A New Oil Strike.

Last week the well known as the "Darling," located six miles south of Sheffield, in Forrest county, and one mile from the Warren county line, struck oil at a depth of 1,395 feet from the surface. The well has neither been tubed nor torpedoed, but shows up for a forty barrel producer. It is located about three fourths of a mile from the Blue Jay, almost directly north. This is the fifth well that has been drilled in that immediate vicinity. One was drilled by Marcus Hollings, of Oil City, some four years ago, and abandoned as a duster. There are several owners of the Darling, principally Sheffield parties, as follows: Walter Horton, Edward Branch, Dr. S. D. Boughton, B. Marsh, Charles Darling, L. Rowland and Fred. Morck. They have a lease of 100 acres in the immediate vicinity. This strike opens up a large section of profitable oil territory, and it is more than likely that operations will be brisk in that locality the coming season.—*Kane Blade.*

### Tally One For Corydon.

*To the Editor of the Miner.*

CORYDON, March 20.

Since my last communication considerable has been done on the wells then mentioned.

Well No. 1 has been sunk to the depth of 1,400 feet or more, with a small show of oil, but plenty of gas. I understand nothing further is to be done with this hole, as it is believed to be too far south. The last four or five hundred feet were drilled by burning the gas from the well.

In No. 3 Messrs. McIntire & McIlaffey have got what appears to be a sputter, or something similar, the ground and rig being nicely coated over with amber oil. Report says it flows twice a day. The well can't be figured at until cleaned out and tubed. Mr. McIntire says he intends to go deeper. Grading for a 200 barrel tank is the order of the day. The sand is about one hundred feet thick, but the depth to the sand I could not find out correctly, so I cannot say. S. O. B.

### Co. Superintendent.

The Eldred *Eagle* of last week contained the following good words in Miss Simpson's behalf to the information of the Sunday *News*:

Miss Mary C. Simpson, of Annin township is a graduate of the Alfred University and has had conferred upon her the degree of "Master of Arts." She has taught in the best schools of McKean, Potter and Cameron counties, and is in every way fitted for the position of Superintendent of the schools of this county. She has had considerable experience as instructor at County Institutes, and always met with the best of success. Now then, we have presented a lady candidate for McKean county. Please announce it to your readers; take the facts from the above, and give her the promised good notice. She is a candidate in reality, and will no doubt be elected, as she counts among her supporters such gentlemen as B. D. Hamlin and Dr. McCoy, of Smethport; W. W. Brown of Bradford; J. V. Brown, of Duke Centre; your friend, "Roscoe Conkling, of Eldred," and a host of others, alike prominent.

### Doubled Up."

Mr. Sheridan E. Coles, one of the most gentlemanly of Elmira printers, and who has for some time been connected with the Smethport, Pa., *Miner*, was married on Wednesday evening last at Leona, Bradford county, to Miss Nora A. Stacey, an accomplished young lady of that place. The bride and groom arrived in Elmira yesterday to visit friends and relatives. The many friends of "Shade" extend congratulations and hope the "proofs" of his married estate may be as perfect as those of his profession.

The above notice is clipped from the Elmira *Gazette* of March 20th. The entire MINER force join in wishing the newly made pair all the joy conceivable, and predict for them a long life of unalloyed happiness.

### New Goods.

I have just received a new stock of Spring Hats, Flowers and Ribbons. New style Lace and Ladies' Ties. Call, see the new goods, and you will be convinced.

MRS. T. D. HART

## JAY GOULD.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS LIFE—WHAT MR. GOULD WROTE IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

The fact that Jay Gould is constantly doing financial miracles that produce public astonishment, will just now render a brief sketch of his life of special interest to our readers.

Jay Gould was born in the town of Roxbury, Delaware county, N. Y., in 1836. His father was a farmer in modest circumstances and could not afford to indulge his children in idleness. The facilities then for obtaining an education were very limited—the country being new and unimproved. Jay was a pale, sickly child, seldom showing any marked signs of physical exuberance—a passionate boy whom his parents looked upon with tender, compassionate eyes. His mother died when he was about ten, taking with her all the boy's love for home, and Jay soon after went to Hobart to attend school. He had acted as bookkeeper for a man who knew the boy's experiness in figures, as well as his remarkable skill in writing, and with the money thus earned Jay was enabled to pay his board and tuition.

During the two years he passed at Hobart his mind developed rapidly and upon his return to Roxbury everybody was agreeably surprised to see a keen, aggressive, and healthy boy in place of the stupid child. He found employment as clerk in a Roxbury store—that proverbial country exchange for every marketable article—where his business cunning and sagacity soon brought him prominently before the community as the sharpest fellow in town. Squire Burhans, his employer, has been retired several years from mercantile life, a wealthy and esteemed citizen of the now thriving village, where he has resided most, if not all of his life.

Jay had a laudable ambition to become a surveyor, and every moment of leisure was devoted to the science which was little studied then. He acquired a practical proficiency and was engaged before reaching his eighteenth year to assist in surveying and making a map of Delaware county, at $10 a month. Before the work was completed his employer failed, but the job was finished by Gould who realized a handsome return for his work. The map of Delaware county was published in 1856 by C. G. Keeney, of Philadelphia, and is inscribed in large letters, "From actual surveys by Jay Gould." In neighboring counties and afterward in Michigan and Ohio he made surveys, from which he saved $1,000 before he could legally vote.

Mr. Gould had also a natural taste for literary work, which with cultivation would have undoubtedly made him a successful if not eminent author. He wrote the first history of Delaware county, a work replete with local tradition, some portions of it having a fascinating grace worthy of Irving. The Hon. Amasa J. Parker aided the young aspirant in producing the book and a portrait or the great lawyer adorns it as a frontispiece.

After this enterprise was accomplished, which did not prove very remunerative, the youthful Æneas pursued his wanderings into Pennsylvania in quest of a fortune. The foundation of one was soon acquired through clever speculations With this start the hero naturally sought a broader field, where his schemes could be broadened and matured, the result being his removal to New York. A few years only intervened, and the name of Jay Gould has become a symbol of great financial influence and power.

Personally, Mr. Gould is diminutive in stature, of sallow complexion, a pronounced brunette, and neat in his dress. He is always amiable in conversation and manner, never at a loss to express himself clearly, and appreciates a joke thoroughly, as shown by hearty and unrestrained laughter. The variety of current newspaper gossip about this man and his wonderful success in financial sleight-of-hand, will warrant perhaps the printing of a sentiment which he penned when he was but nineteen years of age. It was in answer to a request to dedicate a "Lady's Album"—the owner being at that time one of Mr. Gould's most intimate acquaintances. The inscription is as follows:

ROXBURY, Nov., 1855.

An invitation to dedicate an album, although an unexpected request, is one the performance of which cannot but afford me the highest gratification, but the pleasure is somewhat alloyed by the reflection of my own inability to perform it appropriately. It is, indeed, a question of dispute with some, whether men ought, as they say, to show themselves so weak as to be moved by any of the finer feelings that actuate the human bosom, lest the congenial and captivating influence should pervert the self-styled noble calling of man—they claim that it is for him to mingle in business—to become absorbed in politics and worldly gain, leaving the cultivation of friendship to wither and die. To such I shall offer no apology. I trust their contaminating influence will never disturb the harmonious union of bright stars who shall send forth the effulgent rays of friendship from the successive pages of this lady's album—their seared consciences are deadened to all the finer feelings and insensible to the happy influences of friendship. To them virtue is but an echo and moral worth an apology.

Yes, there are pure and noble sentiments that pervade the society of congenial spirits, and the purest and noblest of them all is friendship. It is the strong undercurrent of society, a mutual feeling which kind looks and gentle words can alone beget—unseen, unpretending, so tender, so pure, that the slightest breath of discord may blight and destroy, yet so strong, that by its silent influence it holds society and nations by a stronger bond than can even armed hosts or stringent laws—so strong that it could induce a Saviour to come from the abodes of light and joy and peace, to atone by a bitter death for the sins of ungrateful and erring man. To friendship's shrine, then, let this token be offered. Let her monument be erected upon every page; may the sentiments, the signatures, and the familiar writing, in after years renew upon memory's tablet many pleasant associations, inseparable links in the history of the past, and may not a shadow of pain or a cloud of sorrow ever gather in the horizon of the future to mar your happiness or waver your confidence in those in whom you may confide.

(Signed) JAY GOULD.

## Religious Items.

All is of God. If He but wave His hand
The mists collect, the rains fall thick and loud;
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of life and death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?
—*Longfellow.*

Christ is God's way home for the lost child.

As fire is discovered by its own light, so is virtue by its own excellence.

A downcast man is raw material, which can only be manufactured into a very ordinary Christian.

Much as we dislike to admit our defects, we find it better to know and guard against than to ignor them.

A man never knows how far the shadow of a single absence from prayer meeting may be flung. The shadow of Thomas's absence will reach to the end of time.—*P. S. Henson.*

I have found by a strict and diligent observation that a due observance of the duty of Sunday has ever joined to it a blessing upon the rest of any time.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

"My will, not thine, be done," turned Paradise into a desert. "Thy will, not mine, be done," turned the desert into a Paradise and made Gethsemane the gate of heaven.—*Dr. E. Pressense.*

As every lord giveth a certain livery to his servants, charity is the very livery of Christ. Our Saviour, who is the Lord above all lords, would have his servants known by their badge, which is love.—*Latimer.*

The hills of lofty endeavor and high achievement lie all around us, and if we never catch a glimpse of the views they afford, we need not complain that it is because of the insuperable limitations of our surroundings.

Canon Liddon gave forth an important truth the other day when he said: "A church without doctrine, or a man whose golden rule is to take things easy—these reeds shaken by the wind—exercise no attraction on the weary, yearning heart of man."

To exercise spiritual power is to develop and strengthen it. To disuse it is to repress and extinguish it. Your spiritual faculties being uneducated, you are disqualified from apprehending truth by means of powers you have atrophied by disuse.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

Out of the heart are the issues of life. Get the heart right, and the life will not be wrong. Like the mainspring to a watch, regulated by the Spirit of God according to the standard of His Word, it keeps the hands and head and feet moving steadily on in a faithful career.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

As a class, the incapables are happy and content with themselves and the world. It is the bliss of ignorance, but it is none the less bliss. And the stronger ones may comfort themselves in their burden bearing with the consolation of their own strength. At least they may feel that they are not incapables, and it is better to be the burden-bearer than the burden.

"Serve thyself last," is a maxim more easily admired than practiced. It grates on the ear of a selfish man like a file on a fiddle-string, and finds tardy acceptance as a rule of life even among professing Christians. Nevertheless, in the reckoning day it shall be found that he who serves himself first shall stand last and lowest in the kingdom of heaven, if, indeed, he be not shut out altogether. "Serve thyself last!"

Nothing will be gained to the cause of either truth or temperance by heated rhetoric or caustic denunciations, but a great deal may be gained by a calm, candid and Christian discussion, in which each disputant shall give credit to the other for honesty of opinion, purity of motive, and genuine disinterested desire to reduce drunkenness to a minimum, and to promote the cause of temperance in the community.

True religion is imitation of Christ; the true Christian is a follower of Jesus. Following implies continuity. The train is not merely attached to the engine; it pursues the same track over which the engine leads. Following implies obedience, for no soldier can follow his commander unless he obeys orders. It implies imitation. Learn of me, says the master, and as the scholar who would be a good penman keeps his eye on the copy, so the Christian must keep his eye on his model.

John Newton preached in an English village. Such was the indifference that only a handful came to hear him. But amongst that little number was Scott, the commentator. The sermon turned his thoughts toward the truth, and all the Christian influence of Scott's Commentary may be traced to that sermon. That restricted service, which seemed almost like wasting time, may have done more for the world than any other service in Newton's life. The world is listening yet to that sermon.

How would sorrow be soothed and softened, if the Comforter, instead of being an occasional guest, dwelt in our houses as abiding, real presence! If the beautiful fruits of the Spirit were manifest there, we should have constant foretastes of heaven. God has placed us here, and we are always seeking our own and trying to get along without him. We scarcely know it, but we regret the past and reach into the future, preparing and planning for its emergencies, and forecasting its cares, apart from him that careth for us.

### How He "Knocked the Fur Off."

Murat Halstad tells this story in his "Tales for the Little Folks:" "A very cultured and esthetic editor in Boston didn't like a speech that Ben Butler had made in Congress, and so he said to another editor who had recently come from Montana: 'You might touch up Butler a little to-morrow, and mildly criticise his course.' So the new editor wrote an article beginning, 'If that cock-eyed victim of strabismus, Ben Butler, doesn't quit biting off more than he can chew somebody should send him a new pair of ears. His present ones are a little too small for a donkey.' The next day the new editor said to the editor-in-chief: 'How did I handle old Ben? When you want the fur knocked off of these congressmen, come to me.' The editor-in-chief looked at him steadily for a while, and then said the cashier had his money all ready for him in an envelope down stairs."

Edison, the electrician, [illegible] three hundred and first patent last Tuesday.

Mrs. Garfield doesn't waltz. Never learned. But she can teach her boys Greek and Latin, and knows how to cook.

As soon as Mrs. Garfield gets time to breathe a little she will, so the lady correspondents say, give some nice little entertainments.

Ex-Governor Horatio Seymour has written a friend there that he intends to visit the Pacific coast this Summer, if his health permits.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has proffered $500 toward the establishment of a "refuge" for tramps in Toronto, Canada, where the labor test shall be tried.

President Garfield's two elder sons are said to be pestered for their influence to the extent of forty letters a day by former school-mates who want positions.

It has generally been supposed that Robert T. Lincoln is the youngest man who ever held a seat in the Cabinet; but Alexander Hamilton was Secretary of the Treasury at thirty-two.

The wife of Secretary Windom is the daughter of a Congregational clergyman in Massachusetts. In her youth she was a teacher in Ohio, and now she teaches her own children.

James Gordon Bennett's latest eccentric performance is that of hiring Johann Strauss and his orchestra of eighth men to play for his special gratification at Pau for one month at a cost of nearly $30,000.

J. W. Simonton, general agent of the New York City Associated Press, got married last week, and a night or two afterward lectured on "How we get the news." He'll find a wife a great help in his business.

Mrs. Wayne MacVeagh, Simon Cameron's daughter, is tall and graceful of figure. Those who know her intimately say that she possesses in a marked degree many of the characteristics which distinguish her father. She has acquired the faculty of reading men and women at a glance.

President Garfield rises at seven in the morning—before any of his family except his venerable mother, whose hour is six. He reads the papers, at eight he breakfasts; then he goes to his office and dictates personal letters to his stenographer. Then after a little chat with his family he is ready to receive the waiting crowd of callers. At half past two he lunches, then divers members of the Cabinet appear, and at six he dines.

Mrs. Grant was one of the most generous ladies that ever lived in the White House. On charitable anniversaries she used quietly to send a $50 note. Mrs. Hayes contented herself with a barrel of apples or a government greenhouse bouquet. A friend, speaking of Mrs. Grant, says: "What a kind friend she is, too, and how fond she is of her sons' wives, and they of her. There is something lovable in a woman when she makes a good mother-in-law."

There is a picturesque story told concerning Senator Kirkwood and a person of high civil rank in Washington upon whom he once called. The Iowa Senator, who was personally unknown to the official, waited his turn. After dismissing the several callers with such answers as their business required, the great man slowly turned his office chair, and, looking the Senator over from crown to sole, said coolly: "Well, my man, what can I do for you? You look as though you would be most at home on a farm."

Speaking of her past, Mrs. Thompson, the philanthropist, says: "I was a poor girl myself, born and raised in Vermont. I had a sensible mother, thank god! who taught me, in fact, rang into my ears day and night almost, that 'handsome is as handsome does,' and I have tried never to forget it. It was my good fortune to meet Mr. Thompson, and we were married. It is now some twelve years since his death, and I have always felt that I could in no way so well show my reverence for his character and name as by using the means he so generously entrusted to me to alleviate the sufferings of humanity."

Ex-President Hayes was asked by a Cleveland *Herald* reporter whether, in his opinion, the temperance administration conducted by Mrs. Hayes would have its influence upon the new administration. He said in reply: "The story goes that Mrs. Polk, who was a puritanical lady, did away with the ancient custom of dancing at the White House, and it never has been revived. An effort was made to have a ball at the White House for the entertainment of the Prince of Wales, but President Buchanan said: 'No; the matter has once been settled. Let it remain so.'"

Nineteen years ago Thomas L. James was sworn in as Inspector of the Customs of the Port of New York by Collector Hiram Barney. To-day he is Postmaster-General. At the time of entering upon his duties as an officer of the Customs his modesty so disguised his merits that nobody dreamed of the distinction that awaited him. The moral of his career may thus be expressed: Mind your own business, and mind it well; permit other people to mind theirs and always remember that politeness costs nothing and pays richly.


### 2nd Edition of Job.

Mrs. Ogden, N. Division Street, Buffalo, says: I cannot be too thankful that I was induced to try your Spring Blossom. I was at one time afraid I should never be able to get out again. I seemed to be a second edition of Job without his patience, my face and body was one vast collection of Boils and Pimples, since taking one bottle of your Spring Blossom I am quite cured, all eruptions have disappeared and I feel better than I have for a long time. Prices: $1, 50 cents and trial bottles 10 cents.

For sale by A. B. Armstrong, Smethport, Pa.

### Make a Note of This.

When you want something to attend strictly to business, and cure any ache, sore throat, pain in the chest, quinsy, pleurisy, rheumatism, etc., get *Parmelee's Universal Liniment*, the greatest pain destroyer known. It is warming and penetrating. As a family liniment it meets the wants of every household. A fair trial is all that is necessary to prove the astonishing curative properties of this invaluable remedy. Sample bottles, 25 cents; large size, 50 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Smethport, Pa. 10-01.


## Assets Township.

TURTLE POINT.

| Class. | | Rate. |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | Charles Evans | 7 75 |
| 14 | A Mallett | 7 75 |
| 14 | Charles Taylor | 7 75 |
| 14 | James Cremin | 7 75 |

BRADFORD CITY.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | J G Habering | 7 75 |
| 13 | C L Brabson | 10 75 |
| 14 | M Z Hazzard | 7 75 |
| 14 | Parks Brothers | 7 75 |
| 14 | H Cohn | 7 75 |
| 11 | M Rosenberg | 10 75 |
| 9 | Du Four Weed | 20 75 |
| 10 | Owens & Wilson | 20 75 |
| 14 | G A Green | 10 75 |
| 13 | F P Slocum | 10 75 |
| 14 | Place & Hord | 10 75 |
| 14 | Jacob Hohenadel | 7 75 |
| 14 | James Onderdonk | 7 75 |
| 14 | George S Smith | 7 75 |
| 14 | M Rolo | 7 75 |
| 14 | Barthold Steinberge | 7 75 |
| 14 | C W Lehman | 7 75 |
| 14 | J Rich | 7 75 |
| 14 | L Goldstein | 7 75 |
| 14 | Mrs Lehman | 7 75 |
| 14 | H Michael | 7 75 |
| 13 | McDonald Brothers | 10 75 |
| 14 | Rosh & Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | David Davis | 7 75 |
| 13 | John M Siegfried | 10 75 |
| 14 | Alex Simpson | 7 75 |
| 14 | H Schlesinger | 7 75 |
| 14 | Robert Wright & Co | 7 75 |
| 13 | Morris Herron | 10 75 |
| 13 | Appleton & Fisher | 10 75 |
| 9 | Oil Well Supply Co, Limited | 20 75 |
| 14 | Hutchinson & Morris | 7 75 |
| 14 | Theodore S Darley | 7 75 |
| 14 | Joseph Mansons | 7 75 |
| 13 | I K Denison | 10 75 |
| 14 | Groneweld & Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | W E Story | 7 75 |
| 14 | M O Levine | 7 75 |
| 14 | Heviner Brothers | 7 75 |
| 14 | Tinker & Dennison | 7 75 |
| 9 | National Tube Works | 20 75 |
| 9 | Jarecki Manufacturing Co | 20 75 |
| 14 | C F Flower | 7 75 |
| 14 | Kinsler & Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | F P Mainwaring | 7 75 |
| 14 | J A Biles | 7 75 |
| 14 | P S Pickart | 7 75 |
| 14 | A H Barnhart | 7 75 |
| 14 | W L Chamberlin | 7 75 |
| 14 | Joseph Benney | 7 75 |
| 14 | P Ward | 7 75 |
| 14 | J S Boyd | 7 75 |
| 14 | A R Smart | 7 75 |
| 14 | W W Moss & Son | 7 75 |
| 14 | T H Frost | 7 75 |
| 14 | Charles Payne | 7 75 |
| 14 | Russell & Bell | 7 75 |
| 14 | J Whittemore | 7 75 |
| 14 | J Merriman & Knot | 7 75 |
| 14 | Asa Simpson | 7 75 |
| 14 | I Emery Jr & Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | T A Grant | 7 75 |
| 14 | White Brothers | 7 75 |
| 14 | M Kennedy | 7 75 |
| 14 | H Solomon | 7 75 |
| 14 | J H Whitcomb | 7 75 |
| 14 | Thompson & West | 7 75 |
| 14 | I Kahn | 7 75 |
| 14 | H C Sanderson | 7 75 |
| 9 | C Symonds | 20 75 |
| 14 | Willis & Smith | 7 75 |
| 14 | Weaver Brothers | 7 75 |
| 14 | Unitized | 7 75 |
| 14 | A Mayer & Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | L Cohn | 7 75 |
| 14 | F W Monro | 7 75 |
| 9 | Oil Well Supply Co, Limited | 20 75 |
| 14 | Jansen & Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | J C Hughs | 7 75 |
| 14 | F W Bradley | 7 75 |
| 14 | John Goodrum | 7 75 |
| 14 | E J Hilton | 7 75 |
| 14 | Stone Brothers | 7 75 |
| 14 | Goodsell | 7 75 |
| 14 | H L Chamberlain | 7 75 |
| 14 | D H Cleveland | 7 75 |
| 14 | W H Flint | 7 75 |
| 14 | Best & Search | 7 75 |
| 14 | Allen & Burns | 7 75 |
| 14 | Weisbergerl | 7 75 |
| 14 | Joseph Freeman | 7 75 |
| 14 | C Gall | 7 75 |
| 14 | G G Bennett | 7 75 |
| 14 | J Hoelke | 7 75 |
| 14 | George A Simmons | 7 75 |
| 14 | McKoy Brothers | 7 75 |
| 14 | James H Fox | 7 75 |
| 14 | W D Hatch | 7 75 |
| 14 | S Marmon | 7 75 |
| 14 | M J Howes | 7 75 |
| 14 | F F Arrowsmith | 7 75 |
| 14 | Tinker Morris | 7 75 |
| 14 | L Slaughter | 7 75 |
| 14 | S Frank | 7 75 |
| 14 | Mrs D F Rosenberg | 7 75 |
| 14 | H O Donald | 7 75 |
| 14 | Thomas Connerly | 7 75 |
| 14 | J H Smith | 7 75 |
| 14 | L M Kirkham | 7 75 |
| 14 | Thomas Pointer | 7 75 |
| 14 | I H Silverman | 7 75 |
| 14 | A Goodson | 7 75 |
| 14 | Samuel Schatzerger | 7 75 |
| 14 | Henry Greene | 7 75 |
| 14 | Heppell & Moorer | 7 75 |
| 14 | Dan Sullivan | 7 75 |
| 14 | Carew & Fuller | 7 75 |
| 14 | Mrs Pierce | 7 75 |
| 14 | S Bernard | 7 75 |
| 14 | Nelson A Walker | 7 75 |
| 14 | Phil Sussman | 7 75 |
| 14 | S Swartenberg, Pawnbroker | 7 75 |
| 14 | John Dates & Son | 7 75 |
| 14 | W H Holmes & Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | M J Brayton | 7 75 |
| 14 | S G Elliott & Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | P Woodard | 7 75 |
| 14 | Samuel Reiter | 7 75 |
| 14 | D F McDonald | 7 75 |
| 14 | I Sussman | 7 75 |
| 14 | S Cronin | 7 75 |
| 14 | B A Terrell | 7 75 |
| 14 | Miller Brothers | 7 75 |
| 14 | George Hamrik | 7 75 |
| 14 | M C Gates | 7 75 |
| 14 | S Heard | 7 75 |
| 14 | James A Rogers | 7 75 |
| 14 | E J Cross | 7 75 |
| 14 | J A Wable | 7 75 |
| 14 | B L Keenan | 7 75 |
| 14 | A G Phillips | 7 75 |
| 14 | Singer Manufacturing Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | Eugene L Smith | 7 75 |
| 14 | P O'Neil | 7 75 |
| 14 | J W Humphrey | 7 75 |
| 14 | S G Bayne | 7 75 |

BILLIARD TABLES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 Table | Geim & Anderson | 40 75 |
| 1 Table | T J Bryan | 40 75 |
| 1 Table | Anderson & Geim | 40 75 |
| 1 Table | A Mayer & Co | 40 75 |
| 1 Table | Robert Edmonds | 40 75 |
| 1 Table | J F Abbott | 40 75 |

TEN PIN ALLEY.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 Alley | Ross & Howard | 40 75 |

## Bradford Township.

RABCOCK MILLS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | Clark & Babcock | 7 75 |

DERRICK CITY.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | A W Hobbs | 7 75 |
| 14 | C M Arris | 7 75 |
| 14 | F E Ladin | 7 75 |
| 14 | T Bush | 7 75 |
| 14 | W M Fay | 7 75 |
| 10 | Oil Well Supply Co, Limited | 20 75 |
| 14 | Mason & Hall | 7 75 |
| 14 | O Walther | 7 75 |
| 14 | E M Cobb | 7 75 |

RED ROCK.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 13 | Jarecki Manufacturing Co | 10 75 |
| 14 | A Gibson | 7 75 |
| 14 | D Hall | 7 75 |
| 14 | W H Fisher | 7 75 |
| 14 | Mason & Hall | 7 75 |

GILLMORE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | G M Masterson | 7 75 |
| 13 | Hall Brothers | 10 75 |
| 14 | A M Webb | 7 75 |
| 14 | C E Mattocks | 7 75 |

KENDALL BOROUGH.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 13 | Wilson & Sons | 10 75 |
| 14 | H Dunkell | 7 75 |
| 13 | I D Newman | 10 75 |
| 14 | C W Steele | 7 75 |
| 14 | M A Haggerty | 7 75 |
| 14 | James Keiper | 7 75 |
| 14 | A W Hendall | 7 75 |
| 14 | J H Butler | 7 75 |
| 14 | Knight Brothers | 7 75 |
| 14 | Hiram Dunkelberger | 7 75 |
| 14 | Dodge & McCarty | 7 75 |
| 14 | Muldoon & Walker | 7 75 |
| 14 | R Gibson | 7 75 |
| 14 | J W Wilcox & Son | 7 75 |
| 14 | A Krickbaum | 7 75 |
| 14 | Manley & Benson | 7 75 |
| 14 | G F Spencer | 7 75 |
| 14 | I Kenyon | 7 75 |
| 14 | Flynn Brothers | 7 75 |
| 14 | H & G W Mitchell | 7 75 |
| 14 | Kirchner & Lathrop | 7 75 |
| 14 | L Keating & Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | H S Shaul | 7 75 |

BILLIARD TABLES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 6 Tables | D Green | 60 75 |

CUSTER CITY.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | A V Newton | 7 75 |
| 14 | Stanton & Jewett | 7 75 |
| 14 | Churchill & Bliss | 7 75 |
| 14 | H W Clark | 7 75 |
| 14 | W W Brooker | 7 75 |
| 14 | S Bleckney | 7 75 |
| 14 | F O Pierson | 7 75 |
| 14 | J M Crocker | 7 75 |
| 14 | L B Caldwell | 7 75 |
| 14 | Wilbur Brothers | 7 75 |
| 14 | R F Gaberiel | 7 75 |

BILLIARD TABLES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 2 Tables | Thomas Y Walker | 80 75 |
| 1 Table | T W Searle | 40 75 |

DEGOLIA.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | Cowley & Edwards | 7 75 |
| 14 | Wilbur & Bros | 7 75 |

SAWYER CITY.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 13 | Oil Well Supply Co, Limited | 10 75 |
| 14 | Hurd & Davenport | 7 75 |
| 14 | McIntyre Bros | 7 75 |
| 14 | Kilburg & Williams | 7 75 |
| 14 | Corwin Bros | 7 75 |

BILLIARD TABLES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 2 Tables | S Wagner | 80 75 |

DALLAS CITY.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | H F Bidder | 7 75 |
| 14 | J G Fanning | 7 75 |
| 14 | Hilliard & Hodgett | 7 75 |
| 14 | Hilliard & Lyon | 7 75 |
| 9 | Jarecki Manufacturing Co | 20 75 |

BILLIARD TABLES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 2 Tables | Reidy & Shoemaker | 80 75 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | Thomas Vivian | 7 75 |
| 14 | Sayers & Kinney | 7 75 |
| 14 | Harry Hatch | 7 75 |
| 14 | Coleman & Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | Chamberlain Bros | 7 75 |
| 14 | T J Tennant | 7 75 |
| 14 | S L Niver | 7 75 |
| 14 | H F Grey | 7 75 |
| 14 | A A Francis | 7 75 |
| 14 | W F Spencer | 7 75 |
| 14 | W D Murray | 7 75 |
| 14 | W M Miller | 7 75 |
| 14 | S Bowers | 7 75 |
| 14 | J F Bolsinger | 7 75 |
| 14 | P L Harris | 7 75 |
| 13 | J D Wells | 10 75 |

BILLIARD TABLES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 Table | Eden Smith | 20 75 |

## Corn Township.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | J B Cannon | 7 75 |
| 14 | F H Raymond | 7 75 |
| 14 | F K Tull | 7 75 |

## Eldred Township.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 13 | Oil Well Supply Co, Limited | 10 75 |
| 14 | A T Borden | 7 75 |
| 14 | T L Hartwell & Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | B R Parr | 7 75 |
| 14 | J B Hoke | 7 75 |
| 14 | Albert Chaloff | 7 75 |
| 14 | W G Roberts | 7 75 |
| 14 | Mrs M McCallister | 7 75 |
| 14 | E Palmater | 7 75 |
| 14 | A Harmon | 7 75 |
| 14 | M C Burton | 7 75 |
| 14 | Robert Lightfoot | 7 75 |
| 14 | W A Young | 7 75 |
| 14 | A B Rowley & Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | O K Rowley | 7 75 |
| 14 | W B Archibald | 7 75 |
| 14 | Marsh & Briggs | 7 75 |
| 14 | Joseph & Dornberg | 7 75 |
| 14 | E W Dean | 7 75 |
| 14 | C T Wade | 7 75 |
| 14 | A T Borden, No 2 | 7 75 |
| 14 | G W Colegrove | 7 75 |
| 14 | Fisher & Wolcott | 7 75 |
| 14 | H H Smith | 7 75 |
| 14 | A A Stewart | 7 75 |
| 14 | A M Benson | 7 75 |

BILLIARD TABLES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 2 Tables | Dolan Estate | 80 75 |

HAYMAKER.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | Miller & Leader | 7 75 |
| 14 | C A Wilkey | 7 75 |
| 14 | A J Kimball | 7 75 |

INDIAN CREEK

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | G Kyzer | 7 75 |
| 14 | C M Applebee | 7 75 |
| 14 | C H Lambert | 7 75 |
| 14 | Lemert & Grove | 7 75 |

LARABEE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | D C Young | 7 75 |
| 14 | W H Hudson | 7 75 |

HARTWELL.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | Doyle & Barrett | 7 75 |

## Keating Township.

FARMERS VALLEY.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | H C Rice | 7 75 |
| 14 | F C Otis | 7 75 |
| 14 | W H Root | 7 75 |
| 14 | Thomas Frisbee | 7 75 |

BREWERY

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 2 E Schmidt | | 80 75 |

COLEVILLE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | W H Weimer | 7 75 |
| 14 | J McFarland | 7 75 |
| 14 | H B Smith | 7 75 |
| 14 | W C Bichelo | 7 75 |
| 14 | Hall Brothers | 7 75 |
| 14 | J C Tunstaugh | 7 75 |
| 14 | Kwain Davis | 7 75 |
| 14 | Keene Bros | 7 75 |
| 14 | P Weis | 7 75 |
| 14 | C M Gregson | 7 75 |
| 14 | C M Mix & Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | L B Slater | 7 75 |
| 14 | Oil Well Supply Co, Limited | 7 75 |
| 14 | M A Allberly | 7 75 |
| 14 | T Burns | 7 75 |
| 14 | L H Ackerman | 7 75 |

BILLIARD TABLES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 2 Tables | M Akins | 80 75 |

AIKENCITY.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 11 | Oil Well Supply Co, Limited | 15 75 |
| 14 | M A Hazelhurst | 7 75 |
| 14 | Foster McDermont | 7 75 |
| 14 | L M west & Sons | 7 75 |
| 14 | McNalley & Welch | 7 75 |
| 14 | Simpson & Harris | 7 75 |
| 14 | P Wren & Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | Chandler Bros | 7 75 |
| 14 | Wagner & Wheeland | 7 75 |
| 14 | A A Cooper & Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | W H Bellamy | 7 75 |
| 14 | Allen & Fisher | 7 75 |
| 14 | A S Hazlenbeg | 7 75 |
| 14 | W C McBride | 7 75 |
| 14 | Hall Bros | 7 75 |

BILLIARD TABLES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 2 Tables | James Edmonds | 80 75 |

BORDELL CITY.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | John Larkins | 7 75 |
| 14 | R C Desmond | 7 75 |
| 11 | Oil Well Supply Co, Limited | 15 75 |
| 14 | Morris Unger | 7 75 |
| 14 | H H Burnley | 7 75 |
| 14 | Compton & Son | 7 75 |
| 14 | C C Hewson | 7 75 |
| 14 | D McDonald | 7 75 |

## Liberty Township.

FORT ALLEGANY.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 13 | I H Dudley & Co | 10 75 |
| 14 | Godfry & Camp | 7 75 |
| 10 | T McDowell | 20 75 |
| 14 | M A Littlebridge | 7 75 |
| 14 | Dalrymple, Bard & Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | Hooker Bros | 7 75 |
| 14 | C A Dudley | 7 75 |
| 14 | F W Hogeth | 7 75 |
| 14 | Gallup & Boston | 7 75 |
| 14 | J & M Fish | 7 75 |
| 14 | A F Bard & Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | A F Bemar | 7 75 |
| 14 | Rees & Rambler | 7 75 |
| 14 | T B Day | 7 75 |

TEN PIN ALLEY.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 Alley | Ross & Howard | 40 75 |
| 1 Alley | F Hastings | 40 75 |

BILLIARDS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 2 Tables | L Green | 40 75 |
| 1 Table | F Hastings | 40 75 |

## Lafayette Township.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | R G Miller | 7 75 |

BUTTSVILLE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | J E Batts, Jr | 7 75 |

## Hamlin Township.

HITLINGS MILLS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | Williamson & Hamber | 7 75 |

ALTON.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | M DeYoungo | 7 75 |
| 14 | Wiggins & Curtis | 7 75 |
| 14 | J W Bennett | 7 75 |

BIG SHANTY.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | Beaty & Ford | 7 75 |

RITENVILLE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | Kane Bros | 7 75 |
| 14 | O W Keenan | 7 75 |

## Harmonk Township.

COLEGROVE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | Colegrove & Son | 7 75 |

HAMLIN STATION.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | King & Gilford | 7 75 |

## Otto Township.

DUKE CENTER.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | H M Kempsper | 7 75 |
| 14 | Sawyer & Williams | 7 75 |
| 14 | F J Miller | 7 75 |
| 14 | D Greenbery | 7 75 |
| 14 | John Mansfield | 7 75 |
| 14 | Shaw Reynolds & Noble | 7 75 |
| 14 | J Robb Hyndman | 7 75 |
| 14 | Weaver Bros | 7 75 |
| 14 | M Moser & Bros | 7 75 |
| 14 | H Cowan & Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | Smith & Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | Smith Rogers | 7 75 |
| 14 | West & Pike | 7 75 |
| 14 | H C Mallory | 7 75 |
| 14 | John Hoag | 7 75 |
| 14 | Geo A Mason | 7 75 |
| 14 | G B Langdon | 7 75 |
| 14 | J M Lyman | 7 75 |
| 14 | C W Ising | 7 75 |
| 14 | J M Johnston & Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | T C Walker | 7 75 |
| 14 | J C Cook | 7 75 |
| 14 | M Halsey | 7 75 |
| 14 | C H Cudlipp | 7 75 |
| 14 | J M Clark | 7 75 |
| 14 | D W Barrett | 7 75 |
| 14 | H C Stevens | 7 75 |
| 14 | F Murray | 7 75 |
| 14 | L Sellers | 7 75 |
| 14 | H T Elliott | 7 75 |
| 14 | F K Boyce | 7 75 |
| 14 | B Palmer | 7 75 |
| 14 | J D Randall | 7 75 |
| 14 | H Fowler | 7 75 |
| 14 | James Kruger | 7 75 |
| 14 | A J Mensel | 7 75 |
| 14 | John C Dyson | 7 75 |
| 14 | F Kraft & Co | 7 75 |
| 10 | Oil Well Supply Co, Limited | 20 75 |
| 14 | H Morley | 7 75 |

BILLIARD TABLES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 2 Tables | R Mitford | 80 75 |
| 2 Tables | P J Cowan | 80 75 |
| 2 Tables | V Heller | 80 75 |
| 2 Tables | W B Bennett | 80 75 |
| 2 Tables | Mrs C W King | 80 75 |

RIKFORD

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 13 | Chas T Wolf | 10 75 |
| 14 | D L Tait | 7 75 |
| 14 | A Hutchinson | 7 75 |
| 14 | J Crossland | 7 75 |
| 14 | H Kryder | 7 75 |
| 14 | I M Reed Bros | 7 75 |
| 14 | L A Banks | 7 75 |
| 14 | A Unger | 7 75 |
| 14 | C A Mather | 7 75 |
| 14 | J Lewis | 7 75 |
| 14 | Samuel Hazet | 7 75 |
| 14 | John Cozad | 7 75 |
| 14 | Jones, Bridge & Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | M A Collins & Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | Jarecki Manufacturing Co | 7 75 |
| 14 | E E Bailey | 7 75 |

BILLIARD TABLES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 2 Tables | Frank Dunn | 80 75 |

## Keating Township.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 14 | A Bailey | 7 75 |


PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD [illegible] into effect Monday, [illegible] o'clock a.m.

SOUTHWARD.

MAIL—Leaves Larrabee 11.36 a. m., arriving at Frisbee 11.43; Corry's, 11.46*; Farmers Valley, 11.53; Smethport, 12.40 p.m., Crosby, 12.50*; Colegrove, 12.55; Hamilta, 12.59*, Westwego, 12.40*; Clermont, 12.57.

EXPRESS, No 4.—Leaves Larrabee 3.33